

TERMS.

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Wm. D. MALONE, Huntsville, Randolph co.
N. B. COATES, "

THE TIMES.



—For President—
HENRY CLAY, of Kentucky.

Mr. Clay at Charleston—his "Southern" Tariff views.

We invite the particular attention of our readers to the article descriptive of the "Reception of Mr. Clay at Charleston, South Carolina," which will be found below. We would especially ask our Loco-foco contemporaries and Loco-foco spectators who are in the habit of asserting that Mr. Clay is a high Tariff man in the North, and a Free Trade man at the South, to read his speech delivered in the commercial emporium of South Carolina in the very midst of the Southern Free Traders, where with a boldness characteristic of the man, he entered into a frank and fearless exposition of his views on the great questions of the Tariff and the Currency. He said he came to flatter no man or set of men—"what he dare say on the banks of the Elkhorn he would dare say in the Palmetto State: that he had ever been in favor of the protective policy to a certain extent; that to preserve the peace and the great interests of the country he had been active in effecting the compromise of 1833, and that he felt it an obligation of honor to adhere to it in good faith," which he had always done according to his understanding of it. We ask an attentive reading of what he says on the subject of the tariff of 1842 and the principle of the compromise act—the "locality" of the place he expressed himself thus—and it will be found consistent with his previously expressed sentiments on this subject:

RECEPTION OF MR. CLAY AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

We copy the following excellent account from the Charleston Courier.

On Saturday last Charleston was honored by the expected visit of Mr. CLAY; and she gave him a warm and enthusiastic welcome—a reception marked by the highest demonstrations of respect and homage, and in every way worthy of her ancient fame for hospitality and kindness.

At 2 o'clock, P. M. the firing of signal guns, by a detachment of Captain Wagner's German Artillery, announced the approach and arrival at the upper Depository, of the illustrious guest, to the concourse of citizens assembled in the vicinity to witness and hail the grateful event. The firing at the Depository was answered by a detachment from Captain Gyles' Marion Artillery, stationed at the Battery. The car containing Mr. Clay, accompanied by Colonel Preston and Col. Hampton, and the Charleston Committee, which conducted Mr. Clay from Columbia, detached from the general train, proceeded to the next cross street below, and there Mr. Clay was received and welcomed by the Committee of Arrangements, amid loud and joyous huzzas, which made the welkin ring.

A large and imposing procession was then formed, under the direction of the marshals of the day, to conduct the honored guest to the city. At the head of the procession was a schooner rigged boat, manned by sailors, and drawn on a car, with a banner bearing the inscription—"Harry Clay, the advocate of Sailors' Rights"—followed by a large body of seamen, under the command of Captains Hunt and Perry, marching to the enlivening notes of a fine band of music. Next came a numerous cavalcade, composed of the Committee of Arrangements and other equestrians. Then followed, in an elegant landau, drawn by four horses, Henry Clay, "the observed of all observers," accompanied by Dr. Francis Y. Porcher—and in other carriages, Col. Preston and Hampton, Dr. Wm. Read, the Hon. Henry Middleton, and J. L. Potigru, Esq. An immense line of carriages succeeded, containing the Committee of Reception and other citizens, forming one of the largest processions we have ever seen in Charleston.

The procession moved along King street, through the business portion of which it passed under various tasteful arches, some of them composed of evergreens and flowers, thrown across the street, and containing emblematic devices and appropriate inscriptions, such as "Welcome to Henry Clay," "Welcome, thrice welcome, bright Star of the West"—down to Broad st. and thence along Broad to Meeting st. to the Theatre. During the whole course of the procession the side walks were thronged

with spectators, and the windows and balconies of the adjacent houses were crowded and graced by the lovely daughters of the city, who occasionally showered a flowery as well as a similar welcome on the illustrious stranger. At intervals during the progress, loud shouts of welcome filled the air; and they were repeated over and over again, with deafening effect, on the arrival at the Theatre.

On reaching the Theatre, Mr. Clay was conducted into the interior of the building, where the ladies were already assembled into their appointed seats, and into which the accompanying crowd of citizens rushed with eager anxiety, fearful of losing the opportunity (as we are sorry to say an immense number did) of hearing the far famed orator of the West. The spectacle within the Theatre was a brilliant and beautiful one—the stage was crowded with the various Committees—the first and second tiers of boxes were thronged with ladies, and literally beamed with loveliness—while the pit and gallery and lobbies, were stowed full of citizens.

Mr. Clay was received on the stage by the committee of reception, the repeated and enthusiastic cheers of the audience hailing his appearance. When the joyous uproar had subsided, the venerable Dr. Wm. Read, one of the surviving officers of the revolution that yet linger among us to receive the homage of the present to the glorious past, addressed Mr. Clay, as follows:

HONORED SIR—A fond reverence for the men of the Revolution, my companions of 1775, who have almost left me solitary, has moved my fellow citizens to confer upon me the grateful privilege of welcoming a worthy son of America to our ancient city. In the name of the living, I bid you a hearty welcome—and I am sure that if the great and good men who figured in the Revolution, with whom I moved in concert—the Middletons, the Gladders, the Lowndes, the Pickneys, the Rutledges, the Hugers, and the gallant Marion, and Moultrie, Sumter and Hampton, could add their voices to mine, they too, would bid you welcome, as an honored son of the Republic, and an illustrious benefactor of the now great nation, founded by their toils. Most worthy were these patriots of all the love and veneration, which their posterity, who have deputed me to speak to you, bear them—and it is as a witness of their labors, their pure love of country, their anxious hopes and cares and prayers, for the perpetuity of their great work, that for them and their children, I would add to your welcome grateful thanks for all the good you have done us. I feel, with those who have gone before me, and more deeply than the youthful generation around me can feel, the great debt we all owe you for your patriotic labors in defence of the institutions of the men of '76, and that union which was their only hope for the prosperity of their children. I greet you, sir, as a most faithful son of such sires. You have been ever true to their lessons, and a long life, spent in your country's service, has exhibited a constant devotion to law, liberty, the Constitution and the Union. You have been ever a lover of your whole country—and the gloomy days of the Missouri agitation and the compromise, tell of that spirit of concession and mutual forbearance, so earnestly commended to his countrymen, in his farewell address, by the Father of his Country.

This is the spirit—these are the services, on which an old man delights to dwell—and I rejoice in the occasion which permits the expression of my heartfelt thanks. Younger men would glory in celebrating that eloquence which has reflected so much honor on republican institutions, and graced our legislative halls. And I could wish that some one of the younger men, your companions in the second war of Independence—a Calhoun, a Cheves, or your friend, the lamented and beloved Lowndes, could have been here this day, to have made proper acknowledgments to you, in terms sufficiently glowing for the great and brilliant part you bore in that gallant conflict for our country's honor. But these are themes not for me.

It will not be out of place, to wish you a safe journey throughout your long tour, by land and by water, or to wish and hope for a prolongation of your valuable life; nor is it unreasonable to hope, when I tell you, that the man who stands before you, shouldered his musket for the protection of the first Congress, some years previous to the period that gave birth to the great statesman I address.

Again, fellow countryman, patriot, and national benefactor, welcome, thrice welcome, to our hearts and our homes.

To this Mr. Clay responded in a speech of thrilling eloquence and great ability, occupying near two hours in the delivery, and enthralling the attention of an interested and delighted auditory. The great length of this speech and the variety and importance of the subjects it discussed, forbids us even the attempt to report or sketch it; although we may glance at several of its leading points. Although Mr. Clay was evidently fatigued and oppressed by his journey, he was in the finest spirits; arising doubtless from the warmth and eclat of his reception, aided in no small measure by the news of the Whig victory in Connecticut, received that morning. He seemed in the very best mood for a speech, and evinced it by the ease and buoyancy with which he delivered himself, and in the exquisite touches of humor with which he occasionally enlivened the weightier matters of his discourse—and he gave, for the first time, to a Charleston audience, a noble specimen of that gifted eloquence with which he has so often electrified the

Senate, or swelled the enthusiasm of the popular assembly.

Mr. CLAY began with a grateful and happy allusion to the manner of his reception—to the grateful and honorary welcome accorded him, without distinction of party, and attributed it not to any personal favor towards him, but rather to the courtesy and hospitality for which our ancient city had been always distinguished. He returned his thanks to the various committees, to the throng of citizens, especially to the assemblage of fair ladies, who had united to greet him. His gratification at his reception was greatly enhanced by the organ selected to express the general feeling—the gallant soldier of the revolution who had just so eloquently addressed him, and who had bestowed on him a meed so far beyond his merits. In relation to the Missouri question, he had been greatly assisted by others in his happy adjustment—by none more efficiently than by his personal friend the lamented William Lowndes, whose known wisdom, bland and amiable manners, and spotless virtue did wonders in the work of conciliation and peace—and he declared that in the long course of his own public service, of all the statesmen with whom he had mingled in the councils of the country, he had found that illustrious and departed worthy to be "the wisest, the purest, the best." So too in reference to the Tariff Compromise of 1833, there were others largely entitled to share in whatever credit it conferred on its authors; but this he would say that on both occasions he was actuated only by the desire to harmonize and perpetuate our political union, without which our liberties, our prosperity, and our greatness would be inevitably destroyed. Mr. Clay then alluded to the occasion and the motives of his present tour. He knew that he was accused, by the selfish and ungenerous, of making an electioneering tour—but he at once denied and despised the imputation. He had visited the city of New Orleans purely on a matter of business; and his return home furnished him, he thought, a favorable opportunity, to visit the four Southern States of the confederacy, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, and North Carolina, in neither of which (with the exception of a visit to Mobile, last year) had he ever been before, and which in the ordinary course of nature and affairs, he was never likely to see again. On his progress hitherto, in every city, town, village, hamlet and cross-road on his route, he had been generously and hospitably welcomed, without distinction of party. Under such circumstances, he thought he might venture without harm to visit the land of Marion, of Sumpter, of Pickens—that he might without blame come to the home of the Rutledges, the Pickneys, and the Middletons—and survey or reconnoitre, as far as his opportunities would allow him, the ground and the scenes where the venerable and gallant Chairman of the committee and his compatriots had fought the battles of the revolution. It was said he was a candidate for the Presidency. He could not deny that from the St. John's to the Sabine, spontaneous demonstrations, unsought and unprompted by him, had been made in his favor; but he had never yet consented or declared to any one that he was a candidate for the Presidency—at present he was a plain farmer, earning his labor by the sweat of his brow, or rather by the joint sweat of himself and those who labored with him—and however near the period of final decision might be, he had reserved the right of such decision for the proper moment and the proper occasion.

Mr. Clay then entered into a frank and fearless exposition of his views on the great questions of the tariff and the currency. He said he came here to flatter no man or set of men—that what he would dare say on the banks of the Elkhorn he would dare say in the Palmetto State. He had ever been in favor of the protective policy to a certain extent. To preserve at once the peace and the great interests of the country, he had been active in effecting the Compromise of 1833, and although he was far from maintaining the doctrine that any Congress could bind its successors, the extraordinary exigencies and state of the country, which led to the passage of that compromise made him feel it an obligation of honor to adhere to it in good faith; and he challenged the most diligent search of the record to show that he had ever countenanced its violation in the slightest particular—nay more, he was bold to say that during his entire service in Congress since, there never had been an effort to violate it which had not met with his prompt and earnest resistance. It was important to understand the true character of that compromise. It provided for a gradual reduction of duties down to 20 per cent., at a given time, and after that for the raising of such a revenue, by duties on imports exclusively, as was necessary for an economical administration of the government. But the principle of the home valuation was an essential and indispensable feature of that compromise—without that feature it could not have passed, nine Senatorial votes having depended on that concession—and although a distinguished Senator from South Carolina, at first strongly opposed it he afterwards publicly and pointedly in the Senate surrendered the point, and the passage of the measure was secured. Mr. C. denied that the principle of the compromise required the maximum rate of duty to be fixed at 20 per cent.—its true principle was that no more revenue should be raised than was necessary for an honest and economical administration of the government, and within that limit there might be discrimination in favor

of domestic industry. He was far from conceding that the tariff of 1842 was in violation of this principle of the compromise—but if it were, it equally violated the principle of the home valuation, and neither interest affected by it had more right to complain than the other. A brief vindication of a moderate protective policy next followed, as necessary to secure the independence of the country, and its ability for defence in time of war; and as furnishing to the agricultural producer a home market in addition to the foreign market—in other words two markets of sale and two markets of purchase. Mr. Clay concluded this branch of his subject by declaring himself in favor of a system of protection, moderate, reasonable, certain and durable—yielding no more revenue than is necessary for an honest and economical administration of the government, and within that limit, discriminating in the imposition of duties, between those articles which do and those which do not enter into competition with domestic industry—throwing the heavier duty on the former and the lighter duty on the latter. He said that on this basis this question must be settled—that we must live together, we cannot do otherwise—and there must be some common ground on which we should meet. That the advocates of free trade and the advocates of prohibitory or high duties, occupied the two extremes; and safety and peace could only be found by taking the middle path. That neither interest or section could expect to have it all their own way—the matter must be adjusted by concession, compromise, conciliation—such concession, compromise and conciliation as led to the adoption of the federal constitution; and under the influence of which our political union would continue to fulfill its sacred trust and move forward in high career a blessing to our race. Each interest must concede something, and thus a system of equivalents would give satisfaction to all. And we should be the more prompted to this result, as the concession would not be to foreigners and foreign interests, but to domestic interests, to fellow citizens of a common country, to brethren of the same family.

In relation to the currency, Mr. Clay pronounced the idea of an exclusively metallic circulation a mere delusion; assumed that banks and the banking system would continue to exist under the auspices of the States; and thence inferred the necessity of a national bank to regulate and control the system and keep it from explosion and mischief. He also insisted on a National Bank as necessary to secure a national currency—which is as necessary to a nation as national laws, and as indispensable to prevent the monied and commercial interests of the country from being placed at the mercy of the monied power of foreign States. That it was in Wall street, among foreign capitalists, that the Northern opposition to a National Bank was most vigorous, and this spoke volumes of its connexion with the true interests and welfare of the country.

Mr. Clay in conclusion apologized for his selection of topics. He said that he had set out on his present tour, with the intention to keep his lips sealed, but he had been compelled to speak. That he was no preacher and could not give a sermon—no doctor and could not deliver a lecture on medicine—no poet and could not sing soft strains for the amusement of the audience—but as he was obliged to say something, he trusted he would be pardoned for being silent on subjects of which he knew nothing, and for speaking out freely on subjects with which he professed to be familiar.

After Mr. Clay had finished speaking the meeting adjourned; and Mr. Clay, amid renewed cheers re-entered the landau, and accompanied Dr. Porcher to his residence, he being the guest of that gentleman during his sojourn among us.

The Committee of Arrangements retired to the Charleston Hotel, and partook of an elegant dinner provided by Mr. Nickerson, and enlivened by sentiment and song.

In the evening the Clay Club met at the Theatre, where an immense concourse of ladies and gentlemen had again assembled, and a spirit-stirring speech of near two hours in length was delivered by the eloquent Mr. Preston.

A splendid Ball, attended by citizens without distinction of party, will be given in honor of Mr. Clay, at the Charleston Hotel, this (Monday) evening.

The following verses were let down, with a wreath of flowers, into the barouche containing Mr. Clay, as it passed under one of the arches in King street:

TO HENRY CLAY.

The American Statesman—the Farmer of Ashland.

WELCOME proud scion of a patriot band, Thrice honored Statesman of a free born land! With one accord each patriot of the South, Thy welcome echoes loud from mouth to mouth.

Star of the West! whose glory beams around— Whose fame from shore to shore with joyful sound,

Vibrates! Thy country honors thee; each heart, That country cherishes, their grateful loves impart, What tho' opposing factions sport thy name To glut the appetite of greedy fame?

It cannot dim the pure effulgent ray, That proudly pansophies the name of CLAY, What tho' the scorn of little minds deride, Such minds as cannot warm with manly pride.

Each act recorded by a statesman's pen, Enrolled 'mongst triumphs of distinguished men: Envy cannot kill, nor sneers efface These rich memorials of a patriot race,

But like the fabled Phoenix they will rise, Tho' trod to earth, to cope with loftier skies, Thou art thy country's high souled, honest, free, Champion of our rights! Pillar of our liberty!

'Tis then to thee our greetings shall extend, For thee, a welcome warm and deep ascend— 'Tis for thee, dauntless Statesman, we will pray, And ever bless the name of HENRY CLAY!

Locofoco Blasphemies.

The recent political tract, No 4, said to be written by Amos Kendall, which the members of Congress of the locofoco party have franked and circulated through the United States, contains the following sentence:

"Who can look back to the falsehood, the fraud, the intemperance, the debaucheries, the shows, the mummeries, and the general demoralization in the Whig campaign of 1840, and then turn his eyes to the events which followed, without mentally exclaiming, It is God's will—it is God's Justice!"

If the judgment upon the Egyptians, for the oppression of the Israelites, were more terrible than those which have overtaken our Whig brethren, they were scarce'y less remarkable. The contest had not ended when these almost supernatural demonstrations began."

The punishments which were inflicted on the people for refusing to elect Mr. Van Buren, and which are termed acts of "God's Justice," are the following:

1. The death of the son of General Harrison.

2. The falling of the statue of Justice, in front of the Capitol.

3. The falling of the Eagle from over the chair of the President of the Senate.

4. The falling of the portrait of General Harrison from the walls of the Congressional Library, "without shake or jar!"

5. Three alarms of fire in Washington on the night preceding the arrival of General Harrison.

6. Office seekers crowded Washington as thick as the frogs of Egypt. (About the same time cannons were fired off in the night at Washington, awakening Amos Kendall's babies. "The modesty of Mr. K. prevented him from mentioning this circumstance, and we therefore hope that it will be inserted in the next edition of Tract No. 4.—Express.)

7. The death of Rev. Mr. Cookman in the steamer President, because he preached his last sermon in the presence of General Harrison.

8. The burning of Gen. Harrison's house at North Bend. (Probably the work of some Locofoco, who was executing "Divine Justice" as he understood it.)

9. The death of Mr. Ogle of Pennsylvania.

10. The passage of the Bankrupt Law.

11. The death of Gen. Harrison.

12. Crimes in general all over the country!

13. The death of the wife of President Tyler.

14. The death of the Honored Mr. Le-gare.

15. The deaths of Upshur and Gilmer.

16. The death of Mr. Biddle.

17. Three funerals at the White House since 1841.

18. The death of Mr. Twigood at New Orleans, at a Clay meeting.

19. A military parade in New Orleans on Sunday, in presence of Mr. Clay—which did not take place.

20. The falling of the Club house at Richmond, where one man lost his life, and several were maimed.

21. The failure of the Banks. (Says nothing about the failure of 1837, just after Mr. Van Buren was elected.)

Thus singularly blending together of events mournful, and by association ludicrous, is an exhibition of the moral state of the party at once striking and characteristic. The death of a clergyman because he preached in the presence of Gen. Harrison; and the falling of a gilt eagle in the Capitol, as events inflicted by "Divine Justice," Gen. Acomb is stricken down by the arrow of the Almighty because he attended the funeral of Harrison; and the falling of a portrait "without a shake or stir," are classed together as events equal in importance, and equal in evidence of the state of the Divine mind. Considering, however, the state of the morals of the party generally, it is not surprising that their discrimination should not be very nice in matters of this sort.

But a spectacle is here presented. Locofocoism treading where angels dare not enter!—expounding the Divine will by the dispensations of Providence. Here is a party, whose origin it is well known, was in the lowest sinks of infidelity in this city; Fanny Wright was their leader and founder; yet they dare to come out as expositors of Divine Justice!—N. Y. Express.

EXODUS OF THE FREE CHURCH.

The Boston Chronicle compiles the following account of this interesting event from the description given by Mr. Chalmers, of the Scotch delegation, at the Park street church:

On the 18th of last May, the sun shining beautifully in the heavens, and the earth covered with the joys of spring, the general assembly of the church of Scotland met for the last time as the established and united church of the kingdom. The representative of royalty, with his numerous train, was in attendance, to show that the church is always subservient to the state. The moderator led in a solemn and most affecting prayer, and then proceeded to read the

solemn protest against the usurpations of the crown. During this reading the most profound silence prevailed. As soon as the protest was ended, the moderator left his chair, and led the revolted host towards the door. Without, thousands were waiting for their coming—some exclaiming "they will never come"—others replying, "they will come—the blood of Scotland runs yet in the veins of her sons"—"they will come." And they did come, and the living tide of dissent burst along between the living walls that fell back on either side to make way for the people of God. In a distant and capacious hall the true and faithful from all parts of the land had gathered to welcome the church as she should come forth from the sea and out of the wilderness. The shout of the multitude from without, like the voice of distant thunders, had already reached their ears; and when the moderator entered, supported by doctor Wardlaw and doctor Chalmers, and followed by all that was splendid in the genius, profound in the learning, and fervent in the piety of the Scotch church, the song of gratitude pealed forth from quivering lips, and the tear of deep emotion rolled down the iron faces of multitudes who never wept before. The whole assembly felt that they were connected in doing a noble deed with all the great and the good of both worlds.

THE COON AND THE FOX.

Of all the gay tenants that live in the wood, And dance by the light of the moon;

To say what is true, and stick to his word, Boys give us the gallant old Coon!

To say what is true and stick to his word, Boys, give us the gallant old Coon!

He'll quietly hunt for persimmon or frog, And no critter alive is more elvish;

But on land or in water, if 'tacked by a dog, By the Lord sir, he'll fight like the Devil!

To say what is true, &c.

But the Fox, sir, both honer and courage doth lack; Iress him hard, and he'll get "on the fence";

Your poultry he'll steal, and then "take the back track." Swearing honor and truth are nonsense!

To say what is true, &c.

Once he lived with a Lion, confiding and brave, And made the old Monarch believe,

This friend was a traitor, and that one a knave, While he laughed all the time in his sleeve!

To say what is true, &c.

Thus wheeled, the Lion resigned him his throne, And the fox mounted up with a grin,

To think how he had risen by cunning alone, To the seat where the Lion had been.

To say what is true, &c.

The Coons, all indignant, exposed the deceit, And drove the sly rascal away;

To his den on the Hu's he made his retreat, To drag out his life under CLAY!

To say what is true, and stick to his word, Boys, give us the gallant old Coon!

NOTICE.

Wanted, as a wife, by a nice young man, A lady who wishes to learn all she can;

Who is lively, pleasant, and talented too, And would honor a man as a lady should do,

Has a taste for conversation, music and love, And joins with good temper the graces of a dove,

With a virtuous contempt for the young men of this place, And wishes to excel all others in grace.

She must speak the King's English and turn on her toes, Not be too nice, nor at common things turn up her nose.

Pure minded and moral—quite free from all sin, And lest, though not least, have a good share of tin.

A lady so perfect, if such an one there be, Will find a good husband in searching for me.

If she cares for a gentleman, clark, or whatever he may be, A choice sort of man that he don't always seem,

Who has made the grand tour his manners to watch, She will find that the writer is a capital catch.

If content with an honest and friendly adviser, She is sure of the man in said advertiser.

A FRIEND TO THE LADIES.

Huntsville, April 27th, 1844.

LOVE AND PRIDE.

How strange sometimes is the struggle between love and pride; how the weak human heart, believing itself generous and disinterested, is influenced by considerations of a mercenary or at least a worldly character; how often do we deceive ourselves as to motive, and cling to the delusion that we are acting for the benefit of others in a spirit of benevolence and justice, when in truth the real spring of our conduct may be traced to selfishness or vanity; even our best affections are modified sometimes by those unworthy feelings, and the beings of our love are made the victims, when we would rather our right hand should be stricken off than our affections should be influenced by such unworthy motives. The selfishness of our nature is calculated to mislead and betray, to picture as virtue, much that is kindred unto vice, and to recommend as judicious and proper, acts that are deeply imbued with improper submissions to artifice and falsehood, of pride, of fashion and society

A FRIEND TO THE PUBLIC.

Huntsville, Mo. April 27, 1844.

SUICIDE.—A suicide transpired in this city on Tuesday night, which, on account of the high standing of the deceased and the respectability of his family connexions, excited the most unpleasant sensation throughout the community. Mr. James Percy Brown, of Mississippi, recently a representative in the legislature of that state for Bolivar county, but who has made Nashville his summer residence for several years past put an end to his existence by firing the contents of a pistol through his head.

Verdict of the coroner's jury, "self-destruction, in consequence of temporary mental alienation."—Nashville Whig.